A pleaſant new ſong that plainely doth ſhow,
that al are Beggers, both high and low,
A meane eſtate let none deſpiſe:
for tis not Money that makes a man wiſe.
*To the tune of Cuckolds all a row.*

COme ceaſe your ſongs of Cuckolds now
for now tis ſomthing ſtale,
And let vs ſing of Beggers now,
For thats in generall,
In City and in Country,
men from high to low,
In each degree or quality,
Are Beggers all a row.

How many men are there that liue,
and doe no good at all?
And ſuch had rather ſpend, then giue
to them that liue in thrall,
Loſe a hundred at a caſt,
as much at the next throw,
But what comes of them at the laſt,
Beggers all a row.

Some countrey Lads that backward
left with a large eſtate, (thriues,
Weary of thoſe countrey liues,
they haue enough of that:
The countrey then the City courts,
a countrey life's too low,
For here are many tricks and ſports,
makes Beggers all a row.

Firſt for a Coach and horſes,
theres one reuerſion flies,
[illegible] new Faſhions,
nities,
Paid and Man,
e growes low,
ch for a Sedan,

I ſaw a handſome proper youth,
and he was wondrous fine,
But when I vnderſtood the truth,
his caſe was worſe then mine,
On wine and Drabs, he did all ſpend,
which wrought his ouerthrow,
So fortune plac'd him in the end,
with Beggers all a row.

I haue a Miſtris of mine owne,
that beares a lofty ſpirit,
Though gold and ſiluer ſhe hath none
nor any good demerit,
Yet will ſhe braue it with the beſt,
where euer ſhe doth goe,
And be at euery Gollips feaſt,
with Beggers all a row.

But of all Beggers he's the worſt,
that doth complaine he's poore:
And euermore ſhall be accurſt,
that ſtarues in midſt of ſtore,
Let Vſurers therefore take heed,
leaſt to the Deuill they goe,
That doe complaine before they needs,
with Beggers all a row.

Gilbert loues the Ale-houſe well,
Dick will not be behind,
Jane and Tib, and bouncing Nell,
are to each other kind,
For two full pots, come let vs ſwim
although our ſtates be low,
My money will ſhall go with this
Begge ow.

The ſecond part, 139 To the ſame tune.

IN faith my Landlord is not paid,
and what care I for that,
My Grannam ſhe hath often ſaid,
that care will kill a Cat,
Come fill vs tother Pot good Boy,
and then introth wele goe,
Come neighbour why are you ſo coy,
we are Beggers all a row.

Ione hath pawnd her band of Lawne,
and Tom his fudling Cap,
Ralph hath laid his Cloke to pawne,
for to maintaine the Tap,
The Ale-houſe thriueth beſt I ſee,
this all the world doth know,
So here good fellow here's to thee,
Beggers all a row.

I haue another Teaſter yet,
and cannot be content,
I cannot reſt nor quiet ſit,
till all my money be ſpent,
Too much money makes men mad,
the prouerb plaine doth ſhow,
And want of mony makes men ſad,
and Beggers all a row.

The bloody fight moues me to wrath,
betweer Dutch and Spaine,
I glad'n would know the truth,
who fight did gaine,
The D ctempted as its knowne,
the S rd's ouerthrowe,
Now ba f them may make their moane,
w'are ggers all a row.

A Country man did ſell his Nagge,
three Heafers, and a Bull,
And brought to towne a Canuas bag,
with writings filled full,
But all the money that he had
the Lawyer puld it for,
Alaſſe poore man thy cauſe is bad,
Beggers all a row.

Two men did paſſe their words of late
for a Knaue as I did heare,
They paid the debt, and broke their (ſtate
for he would not appeare,
Let others take example then,
leſt they themſelues ouerthrow,
To day they may be gentlemen,
then Beggers all a row.

I that made this ſong of late,
haue well obſerued the time,
Ide rather liue in meane eſtate,
then higher ſeeke to climbe,
My money is my lackie-boy,
I ſend him too and fro,
Thus content I doe inioy,
with Beggers all a row.

He that begges an almes of heauen,
cannot complaine he's poore,
His daily Bread, is daily giuen,
what can he wiſh for more?
Thus all are Beggers euery day,
all both high and low,
In this we may conclude and ſay,
we are Beggers all a row.

FINIS. *Humfrey Crowch.*

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